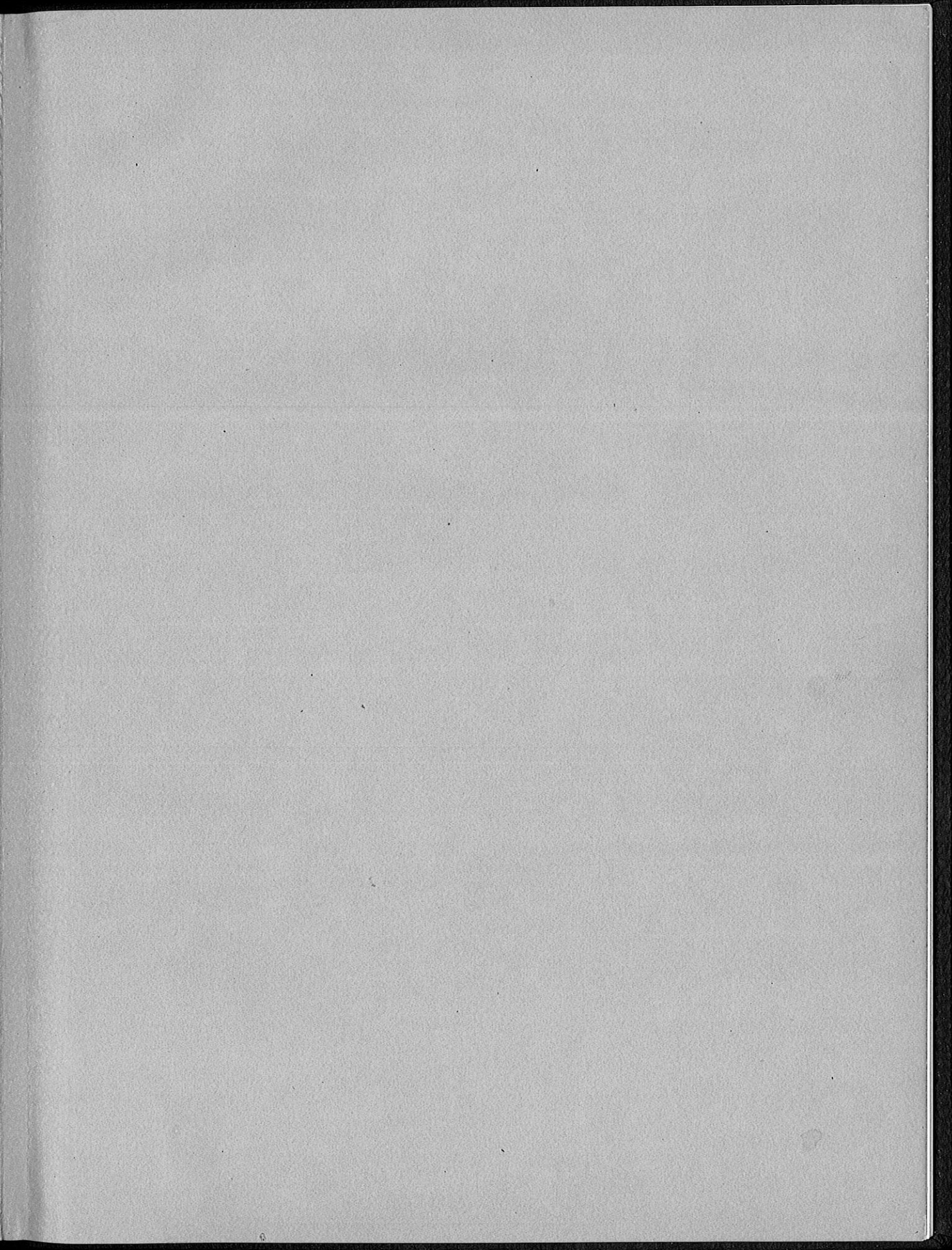


WHITE CAPS

1951





Frances Lowman
Advertising



Anna Cardell
Editor



Doris Losee
Asst. Editor



Thelma North
Photography



Agnes Stec
Photography



Shirley Stevens
Art



Polly Baroch
Circulation



Mary Cruger
Library



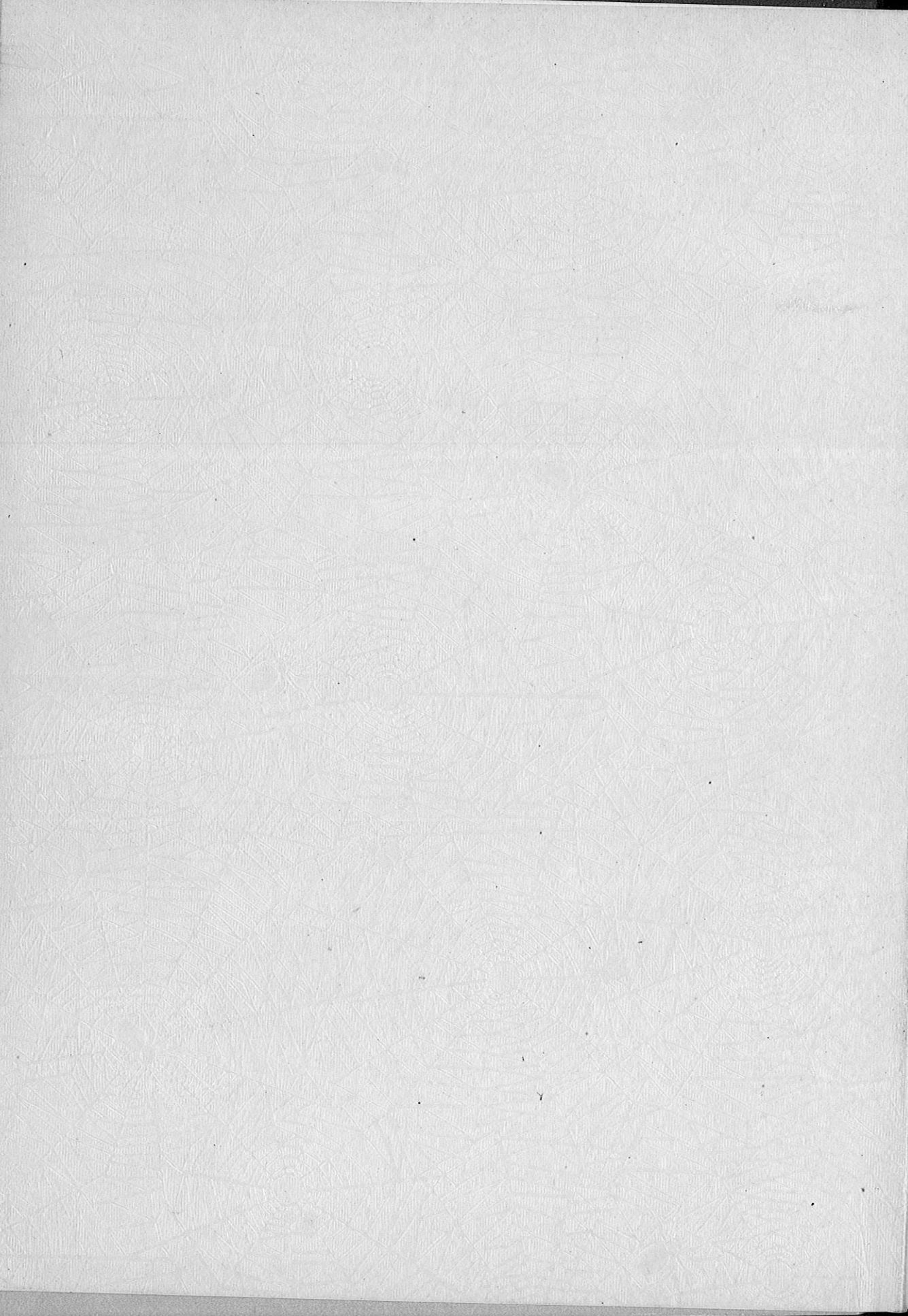
Mildred Whitman
Business

WE, THE CLASS OF 1951

proudly present

THE

WHITE CAPS





Elizabeth Gregory
Advertising



Frances Layman
Advertising



Anne Cardell
Editor



Doris Losee
Ass't Editor



Thelma North
Photography



Agnes Stec
Photography



Mary Cruger
Literary



Shirley Stevens
Art



Mildred Whitman
Business



Polly Banach
Circulation



WE, THE CLASS OF 1951
proudly present
THE
WHITE CAPS

DEDICATION



Miss Jane Secor

It is with pride and sincere appreciation, Miss Secor, that we, the Seniors of 1951, dedicate our yearbook to you. You, who have always been eager to help and guide us, have always been present when we needed you most.

We will never forget the faithfulness you have shown by attending our class meetings, working with us on new projects. Your spontaneous gifts, the numerous movies you've shown us, the suppers and parties we've enjoyed together by the glowing fireplace in Old Tower have been greatly enjoyed by us all. Nor will we forget our delightful visits to your home, where you showed us such warmth and friendliness.

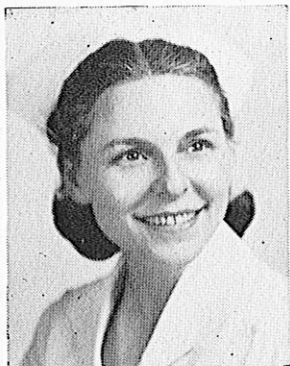
We thank you, Miss Secor, for being a true friend and such an interested class advisor. May we always be worthy of all the time and effort you have expended for us.



S U C C E S S

"It isn't the cut of the clothes that you wear,
Nor the stuff out of which they are made,
Though chosen with taste and fastidious care,
And it isn't the price that you paid;
It isn't the size of your pile in the bank,
Nor the number of acres you own,
It isn't a question of prestige or rank,
Nor of sinew, muscle and bone;
It isn't a question of city or town,
Nor a question of doctrine or creed,
It isn't a question of fame or renown,
Nor a question of valorous deed;
But he who makes somebody happy each day,
And he who gives heed to distress,
Will find satisfaction the richest of pay,
For it's service that measures success."

EXECUTIVE FACULTY



MRS. ISABEL H. CHRISTIANA
Director of Nursing
 Graduate of Columbia Presbyterian
 Hospital School of Nursing
 Winthrop University for Women, A.B.



MRS. KATHRYN E. HENNING
Assistant Director of Nursing
 Graduate of Vassar Brothers
 Hospital School of Nursing



MISS JEAN L. DAVIDSON
Night Supervisor
 Graduate of Vassar Brothers
 Hospital School of Nursing

TEACHING STAFF



MISS SARA L. SWEET
Director of Nursing Education
 Graduate of Newton Hospital
 School of Nursing
 Mount Holyoke College A.B.



MISS EDITH L. LINDBERG
Instructor of Nursing Arts
 Graduate of Vassar Brothers
 Hospital School of Nursing



MISS JANE SECOR
Asst. Instr. of Nursing Education
 Graduate of Vassar Brothers
 Hospital School of Nursing
 Syracuse University A.B.



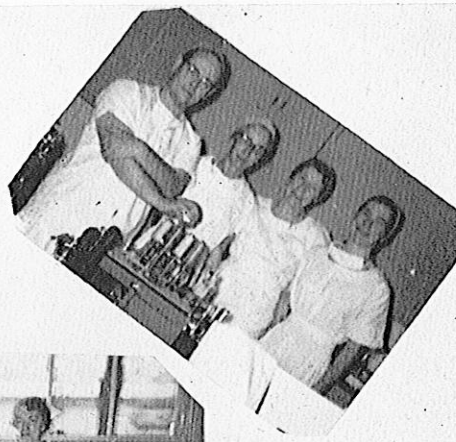
MISS CYNTHIA VAN ACKOOY
Asst. Instructor of Nursing Arts
 Graduate of Vassar Brothers
 Hospital School of Nursing



MRS. MARGARET SEYMOUR
Relief Supervisor
 Graduate of Vassar Brothers
 Hospital School of Nursing

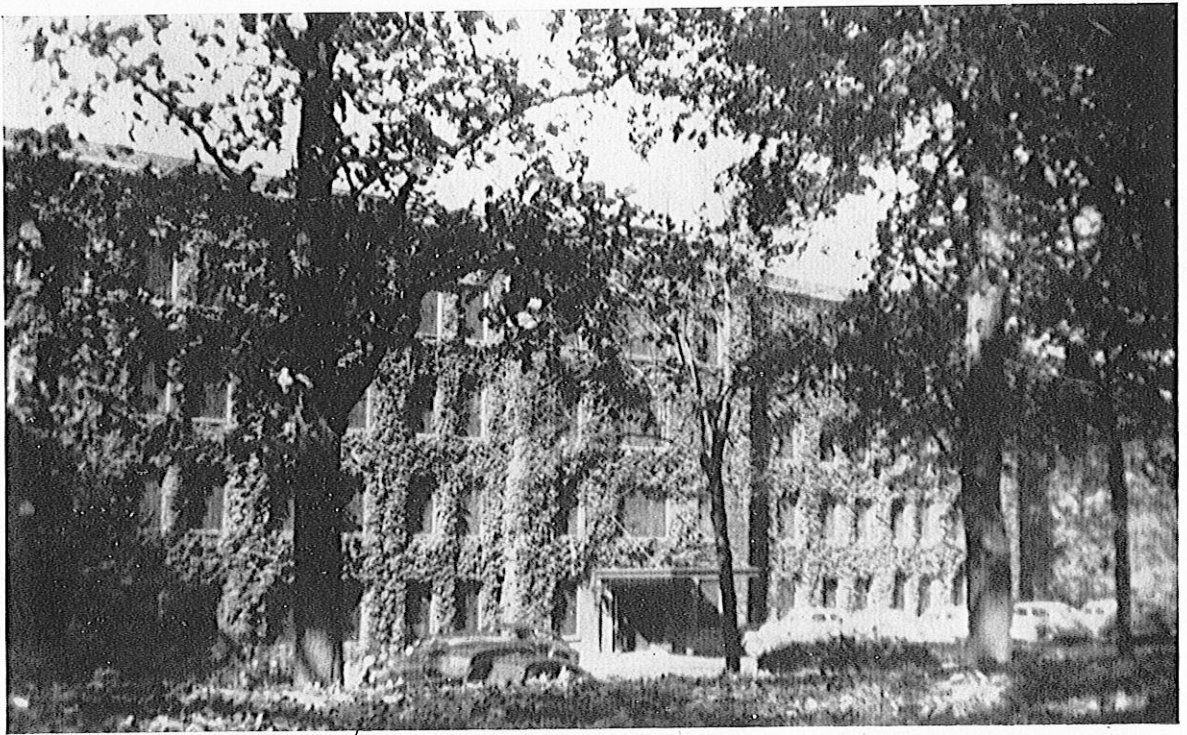


MISS VALEDIA ALLEN
Assistant Night Supervisor
 Graduate Burbank Hospital
 Fitchburg, Mass.



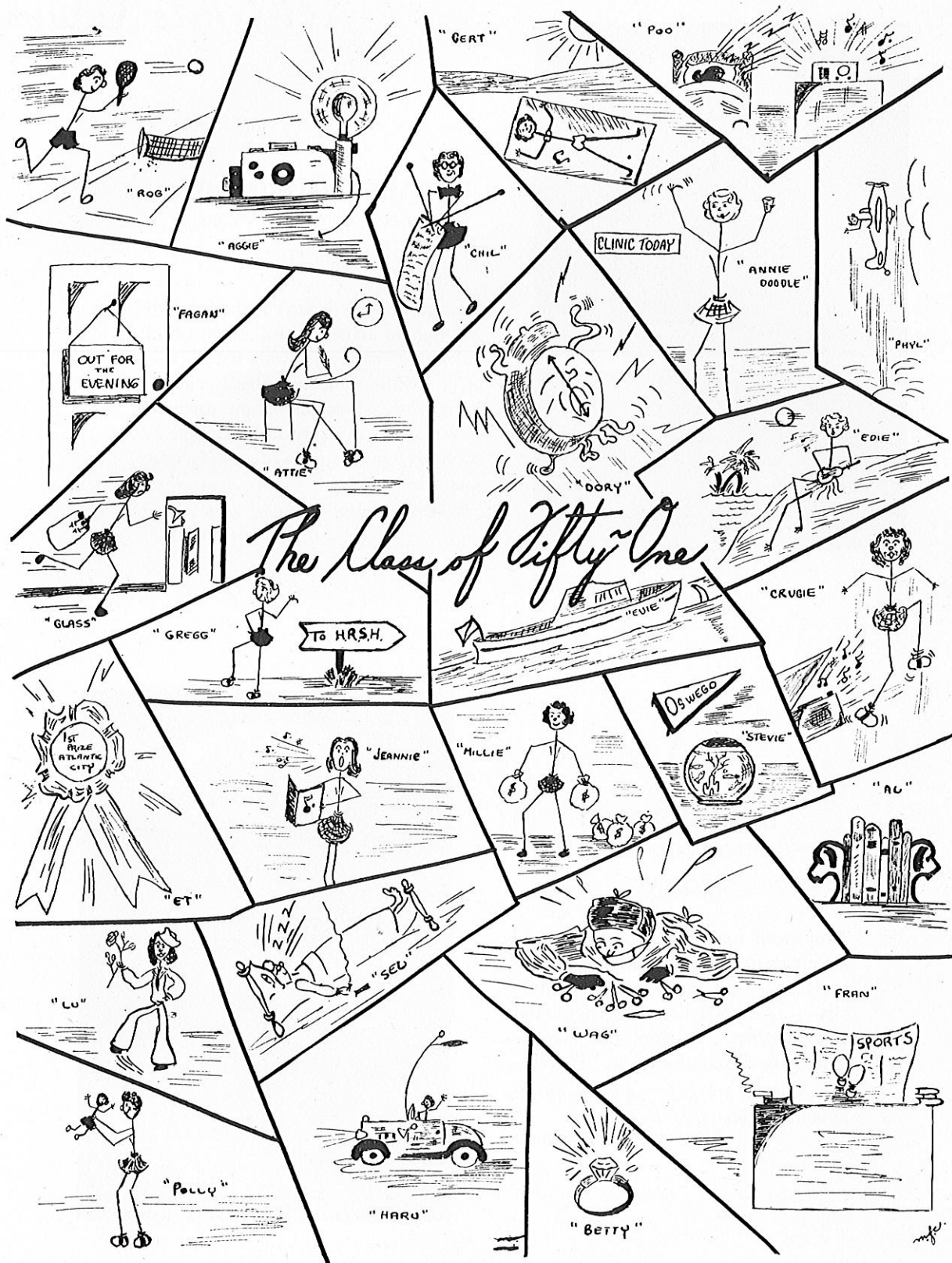
HOSPITAL DEPARTMENTS

Top Row: X-RAY, ANESTHESIA
 2nd Row: HEAD NURSES and SUPERVISORS
 3rd Row: PUBLIC RELATIONS, DIETITIANS, PHARMACY
 4th Row: SOCIAL SERVICE, LABORATORY



"Without Hearts There Is No Home"





White Caps



Alice Atkinson

COLD SPRING, NEW YORK

"ATTIE"

"By gosh, here it is Tuesday already"
... human alarm clock ... most faithful letter-writer ... wants ten kids ...
... "Will someone please cut my bangs?" ... loves her home town ...
never afraid to express an opinion ...
a heart that's true ... "Georgia, Georgia".

"Sow early and you will reap early"

—CHINESE PROVERB

Polly Banach

GREENFIELD CENTER, NEW YORK

"POLLY"

"Hey, wait for me!" ... always ready for a get-together ... allergic to high heels ... "My son's going to Annapolis" ... a good listener ... spontaneous laughter ... slow and easy ... remember those braids? ... "Together"
"Those who are happy do not observe how the time goes by".

—CHINESE PROVERB



Class of 1951

Elizabeth Bauer

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

"BETTY"

"Oh, cheese" . . . our first to be engaged . . . could live on coffee alone . . . slow motion . . . that wide-eyed expression . . . "ten minutes off—guess I'll go home" . . . good food supply . . . "Sleepy-time Gal".

"The man destined to happiness need not be in a hurry".

—CHINESE PROVERB



Jean Becker

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

"JEANNIE"

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" . . . chauffeur for the class . . . smallest and shortest . . . good-natured . . . twinkle-toes . . . where are your case studies? . . . calm, cool and collected . . . devotion to her family . . . "In My Merry Oldsmobile".

"A well-known friend is a treasure".

—CHINESE PROVERB

Anne Cardell

STAATSBURG, NEW YORK

"ANNIE DOODLE"

"Now, how about that?" . . . famous for student clinics . . . you name it, she's got it . . . ice cream happy . . . those trips to New York—"D-o-l-l!" . . . that great love for horses . . . the Navy's in again this weekend . . . oh, for a perfect ROSE! . . . "Bell Bottom Trousers".

"Lay things aside,—they may come to use".

—DANISH



Frances Chillas

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

"FRAN"

"Wanna see my incision?" . . . eternal supply of chocolate syrup . . . most popular at mail-call . . . good with the knitting-needles . . . those boxes of cookies from home with a toothbrush enclosed every time . . . never worries, never frets . . . no milk, no coffee, just TEA . . . "I'll Be Home For Christmas" *"Reason serves when pressed, but honest instinct comes a volunteer".*

—POPE



White Caps



Mary Cruger

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

Class Secretary

"CRUGIE"

"Ain't that awful?" . . . fried peppers at 3 a. m. . . oh, those hillbilly records . . . striptease—with the help of her classmates . . . bookworm . . . "guess I'll change my room around" . . . poetic moods . . . that pained expression . . . "Life Is So Peculiar".

"Though this be madness, yet there's a method in it".

—SHAKESPEARE

Lois Fagan

SUFFOLK, VIRGINIA

"LOIS"

"Anybody got a cigarette?" . . . famous for those canal boats . . . habitat—Frankie's house . . . what would she do if they hadn't invented peanut butter? . . . sweet as pie . . . "Can I borrow your —?" . . . that blond nephew . . . sleeps best in class . . . "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling".

"He that can have patience can have what he will".

—FRANKLIN



Class of 1951

White Caps



Edith Fatum

CREEK LOCKS, NEW YORK

Class Vice-President

"EDIE"

"Exactly!" . . . find her in the kitchen . . . oh, those blind dates with sailors . . . a permanent fixture on Ward I . . . most versatile . . . writes her own orders, has the doctors sign them . . . knows the secret of folding a V.B.H. cap . . . stunning in her grandmother's bathing suit . . . "Beautiful, Beautiful Brown Eyes".

"If it is possible, it is done, if it is not possible, it SHALL be done".

—FRENCH

Alice Glass

GOSHEN, NEW YORK

"GLASS"

"You know what I mean" . . . collection of salt and pepper shakers . . . executive ability . . . needs longer day for "There's so much to do" . . . phobia for squirrels . . . never could keep her eyes open and laugh at the same time . . . maybe Myrt's got some eggs" . . . precision personified . . . "My Bill".

"Carefulness can go everywhere".

—CHINESE PROVERB



Class of 1951

Elizabeth Gregory

WAPPINGERS FALLS, NEW YORK

"GREGG"

"I was so ma-a-ad!" . . . perpetual motion . . . those get-togethers at Remsen Ave. . . . has another interest in nursing . . . that giggle . . . "it isn't fair" . . . pug-nose . . . vim, vigor and vitality . . . "My Foolish Heart".

"All sunshine makes the dessert".

—DANISH



Barbara Harvey

PAWLING, NEW YORK

"HARV"

"What's your problem? . . . proud owner of a double palate . . . red flannel night shirts . . . always close to the boiling point . . . a heart as big as the world . . . preserves from Mamma, fudge? from Daddy . . . infectious grin . . . snapping blue eyes . . . "There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding".

"Philosophy is the art of living".

—PLUTARCH

Gertrude Keller

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

"GERT"

"Oh, for some new clothes" . . . those letters from the south . . . early to bed, late to rise . . . graceful . . . embroidery galore . . . there's humor in everything . . . fashion first . . . sophisticated lady . . . collections for her hope chest . . . "Love Letters".

"With clothes, the new are best with friends the old are best".

—CHINESE PROVERB



Phyllis Lare

KINDERHOOK, NEW YORK

"PHYL"

"Oh, no kidding!" . . . cheer up, he's only three hours late . . . cute as a button . . . peaches and cream complexion . . . writing reminders to herself . . . "I've got to brush my teeth" . . . no rings with the uniform, please . . . honey colored curls . . . "Come Josephine in My Flying Machine".

"Nature and love cannot be hid".

—GERMAN

White Caps



Frances Layman

WINDHAM, NEW YORK

"FRANCIE"

"You know — ???? " . . . cigarette girl . . . long distance calls to home (collect!) . . . neatness plus . . . should be a night watchman . . . hula dancing her specialty . . . Crash!—where did that door come from—?? . . . "Ain't-cha Ever Comin' Back?"

To one who waits, a moment seems a year".

—CHINESE PROVERB

Ethel Locke

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

"ET"

"I dunno" . . . tall, slim, and attractive . . . specialties: radio at 5 a. m. and slamming doors . . . waits patiently for college vacations . . . excited?—not Et! . . . hair that's a beauticians dream . . . "Oh, You Beautiful Doll".

"The highest degree of earthly happiness is quiet".

—JOHNSON



Class of 1951

White Caps



Doris Losee

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

"DORY"

"Oh, what'll I do?" . . . energy plus
. . . sews clothes, clothes, clothes . . .
will eat anything in sight . . . rock-a-
bye-baby . . . Aloysius and Hudson
River State . . . greeting cards from
Sandy . . . oh, my room's a mess . . .
"Connecticut".

*"Much talk brings on laughter, much
food brings on indigestion".*

—CHINESE PROVERB

Alice Murray

PRATTSVILLE, NEW YORK

"AL"

"Anybody going uptown?" . . . genius
of the class . . . will be happy on the
farm . . . nothing seems a task . . . "will
I ever scrub for a *normal* delivery?"
. . . always has a good answer . . . a
willing worker for the class . . . "Gen-
tlemen Prefer Blondes".

*"Books do not exhaust words; words
do not exhaust thoughts".*

—CHINESE PROVERB



Class of 1951

Evelyn Nelson

PLEASANT VALLEY, NEW YORK

"EVIE"

"Oh, Christopher!" . . . nature girl . . . the pride of Babies' Premie Nursery . . . has a good recipe for "glug" . . . carrot-top of the class . . . trips to Indian Lake . . . loyal to Sweden . . . "Redhead".

"What sweet delight a quiet life affords".

—DRUMMOND



Thelma North

HOLMES, NEW YORK

"SEL"

"Who did like that?" . . . pranks and jokes galore . . . yellow convertibles her weakness . . . the voice with volume . . . "Wish I had some money"—home, sweet home . . . particular fondness for her niece and nephew . . . oh, that photo album . . . "The Tennessee Waltz".

"The greatest of all human benefits is independence".

—CHINESE PROVERB

Lois Power

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

"POO"

"Hi-roy" . . . sleeping with the radio
on . . . full of fun and fancy free . . .
"Tell him I'm not here" . . . pizza,
pizza, pizza . . . what's that color,
auburn? . . . Ipana smile of health . . .
"If I Only Had A Match".

*"Cheerful company shortens the
miles".*

—DANISH



Joan Rogan

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

Class President

"ROG"

"Well, what do you know?" . . . Irish
temper (complete with the stamping
foot) . . . athletic ability plus . . .
mountain-sick blues . . . a born leader
. . . superb on the dance floor . . . atlas
of the class . . . "California, Here I
Come".

*"A blush is beautiful, but often
inconvenient".*

—GOLDONI



White Caps



Lucille Scurco

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

"LU"

"I'll see 'ya, Ag" . . . sweet, sensitive . . . those long black tresses . . . "Oh, Yeah? . . . wistful look . . . her goal—Margaret Hague . . . those spaghetti dinners at her house . . . fondness for stuffed animals . . . "Honey Bun".

"If you are not patient in small things, you will bring great plans to naught".

—CHINESE PROVERB

Agnes Stec

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

"AGGIE"

"What a blow!" . . . canasta-happy . . . written messages on handkerchiefs . . . oh, for twin boys . . . coffee pot and jam sessions . . . sweater girl . . . weakness for the opera . . . a good pal . . . "If I Knew You Were Coming I'da Baked A Cake".

"Win by persuasion, and not by force".

—GAELIC



Class of 1951

White Caps

Shirley Stevens

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

"STEVIE"

"And there I was—" . . . college room—fish and all . . . witty remarks . . . conversations with herself . . . the click of the knitting needles . . . artistic ability . . . "relief—you mean there's *another* shift?" . . . "Forget Your Troubles, C'mon Get Happy".

"'Tis only happiness can keep us young".

—MAGA

Mary Wagler

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

"WAG"

"Ain't that a doozy?" . . . a great lover of dill pickles . . . that campaign for president . . . Broadway lights every night . . . "jump up, darn you!" . . . "wake me up in the morning" (but who can?) . . . "For She's a Jolly Good Fellow".

"Sleep is a priceless treasure, the more one has of it—the better it is".

—CHINESE PROVERB



Class of 1951

Mildred Whitman

CREEK LOCKS, NEW YORK

Class Treasurer

"MILLIE"

"That's a good question" . . . gum-chewer of the class . . . that hidden sarcasm . . . always barging around . . . shines at acrobatics . . . pet peeve, Corridor 4 !! . . . that sense of humor and roaring laughter . . . everyone will pay her dues . . . "Someday".

Always consider the cost".

—FRENCH



"Wish You Were Here"

Helen Pratt

Delores Reves

Anne Rehak

Delores Watts

CLASS MOTTO

"Good deeds are ever in themselves rewarded"

CLASS COLORS

Forest Green and White

CLASS FLOWER

Green carnations, white roses

CLASS SONG

"Side By Side"

We don't have a barrel of money
Still our days here are sunny
We travel along, singing a song
Side by side.

We don't know what's coming tomorrow
Maybe it's trouble and sorrow
But we travel the road, sharing a load
Side by side.

Through all kinds of weather
What if the stars should fall?
Just as long as we're together
It doesn't matter at all.

When we've all had our joys and our
heartaches
We'll be so glad that we started
By trav'ling along, singing a song
Side by side.

A Letter Home

June 14, 1951

Dear Folks,

This will be my last letter to you, for I'll soon be home, not for just the usual limited visit, but for good. When I left you for this trip, my '48 model really looked beautiful, didn't it? You should see it now—! Rather beaten and dented for it's gone a long way.

On the first lap of my trip to R. N., the back spring gave way with all that heavy baggage. No wonder, with all those books, uniforms, tennis racquet and things. You shouldn't have given me those goldfish . . . they couldn't stand the stress and strain of it all—*they* died.

At first, the highways were crowded with blue-banders who were forever sending me up dead-end streets and bed-pan alleys. Then, too, they seemed to think that Bon-Ami was the best polisher known—there went my paint job! I often became confused and had to drag out my road map of procedures which had been outlined by my guide, Miss Lindberg.

After six months of what seemed like complete turmoil, I hit the town of Capping. This marked 1/6th of the trip. I remember how proud you were—I was happy, too, for it meant a change of dress. Now I was equipped for relief and night driving. This I found was very tiring and I kinda missed the daytime activity.

After it was over, I met my old friend, D. Kay, who took me on a tour of Dietetics. The air there became smoky at times and before I left I was familiar with the smell of burned food. It was here, too, that I lost my taste for asparagus. However, I managed to get myself some nourishment from under the watchful eyes of Mayor Chef to eat on the road.

After that joyful? visit, I attended a masquerade ball at Surgery. I disguised myself in a white gown and mask and all that showed were my exophthalmic eyeballs. All those big guys seemed to think it was funny on the scavenger hunt when they sent me for a piece of omental transplant and sterile peach pits—and

those Fallopian Tubes that were supposed to be good for a flat tire—I never did find them—and it wasn't because I didn't look darn hard!

From then on, the trip became more interesting. The Forameno Valley is just as beautiful as they say—I was able to see it just as I passed through Obstetrics and Nursery. Also, on this part of my journey, I learned just how fast I could drive! While searching through Labor Street, I finally found Caput and also became familiar with Precip, who always seemed to be tagging along.

At this point, I became tired of driving, and took a train trip on the H.R.S.H. line. It was a life of leisure. I went on parties and picnics and saw some ball games. I also saw the beautiful statute of General Paresis that was arected by the Lues Club. On the train, I was honored to sit with the famous trick artist, Schizophrenia, and his assistant, Paranoia. We became well acquainted and they showed me many points of interest along the way. The D. T. Summer Colony was one of these. I really should add that this was the spot on the trip where the food was best. I hope you've saved all those pictures and my dog-chain I sent home. They'll be good to reminisce over some day.

I changed the pace of my travels again and started anew with the car. I drove alone, but I certainly wasn't bored for I had the deafening noise of children playing and hungry babies. I realized then that I had come to Babies and Maxwell Hall with all its formalities and professional atmosphere. Around there also were many points of interest. Didn't I have fun on Times Square with those trick mirrors and the penny arcade! I changed over to the subway just for laughs and emerged with only a broken arm which I mended myself without too much trouble. Some of the friends I had met along the way and traveled on to Vassar College and had much the same experiences as I.

After our brief separation, I became a blue-bander along with the other members of the Auto Club for we were all now more experienced drivers.

Things seemed to be going smoothly—too smoothly, I think, for lo and behold, just as I left Babies, my car broke down and I was stranded in Wardfour for what seemed like ages and ages. The only company I had were Arty Sclerosis and his

two tiresome pals, St. Vitus and Cerebral. Finally someone must have realized that I was still alive, for I was rescued, given some gas, and traveled on.

Suddenly, I found myself in the midst of Emergency, A.R. What a fast-moving place that was!! People all around, running here and there and me right in the middle of it! Remember how I wrote you about my first 20-car accident? I've had quite a few since then, but it certainly was an experience!! My stay there was short and then I quickly passed through Clinic and Nosentthroat. I did stay there long enough to meet the great actress, Iris Bombe', who had just returned from Myopia.

In spite of the many rough spots and detours, I had lots of fun on my trip. The formals, dances, parties, teas and picnics brightened many hours on the road. Most of all, I remember "Side by Side", the minstrel that the members of our Auto Club gave. As we neared R.N., my fellow travelers and I combined our efforts and presented this show. It made me realize the true friendships I had gained along the way.

And now, Folks, in a short while, I'll turn the last bend in the long road for the state of R.N. is in sight. I know now that I'll be a bit reluctant to end these three years of travel, and its memories will always be very dear to me.

So Ma, set another place at the table, and Pa, open the garage doors, for the old heap will soon be heading for home.

Love,

FROM YOUR OWN FLORENCE NIGHTENGAL

P. S.—By the way, do you remember that I need money for my new uniform, a review book, and of course—my "*White Caps*"?





Class of 1952

BARBARA REED, *President*
DOLORES STOUT, *Vice-President*

JOAN GREENHALGH, *Secretary*
BARBARA SCEREBINI, *Treasurer*

It was Fall 1949 that thirty-eight young women, bewildered, but with hearts filled with hope, entered the halls of Vassar Brothers Hospital. We moved into Home I, Corridor I, and Home II. Our blue smocks were donned, classes and ward work started. November came and with it, our stripes. We enjoyed our first hospital Christmas and March was soon to follow. It was then that we received our caps, and at last felt that we belonged—we were now student nurses. We now began to hold dances, completed classes, and started specialized services. Summer came and went, as did our summer vacations.

In September, a new class entered. We were then known as proud intermediates. We moved into our beautiful new home, which was one of our very happy experiences. We then started our affiliations at Hudson River State Hospital and Babies' Hospital.

It's June now as we reminisce. Another class of seniors are graduating. We have completed two-thirds of our training. In one year we hope to stand in white also. We feel that with God's help and our own hard work we shall reach and meet this challenge as we are now witnessing those who have.

Class of 1953

LOIS LYONS, *President*
JANET MCGHEE, *Vice-President*

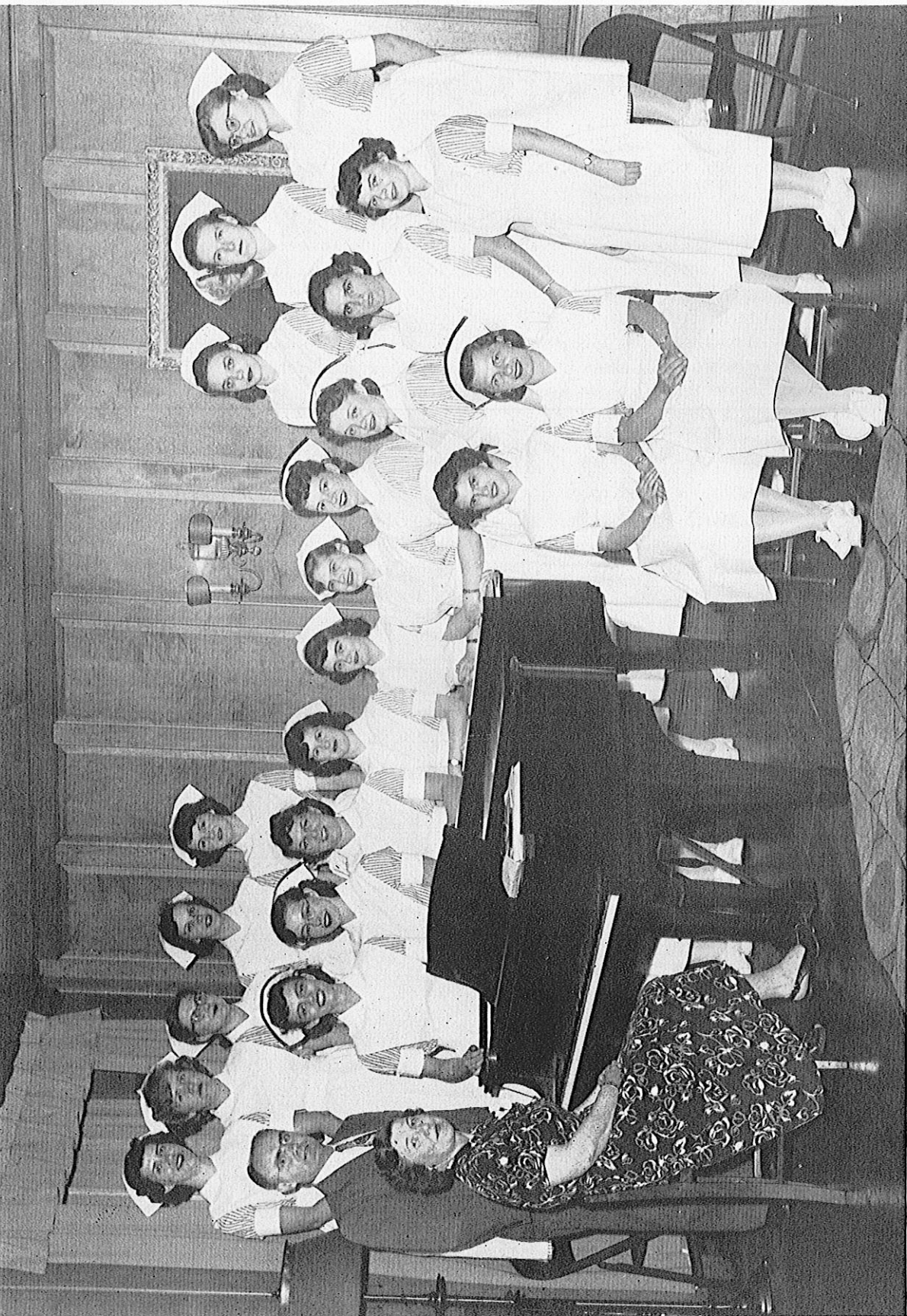
EVELYN SEATON, *Secretary*
MARIE WALTHER, *Treasurer*

Our hopes were high and we were very anxious on the 25th of September 1950 when we, as the class of 1953 entered training at Vassar Brothers Hospital. We settled down and began our studies soon afterwards. In October we started working on the wards and began to feel as though we were really a part of VBH and were lending a helping hand. In November, we cast off our blue smocks and began showing off our blue stripes and white aprons. With Miss Lindberg's help we soon learned all about collar buttons, hemlines and general appearance. We were beginning to like our work more and more.

The New Year brought the realization that we had but a short time before we would be capped. We really buckled down then and the time went quickly. We spent a lot of our off duty time at the "Y" playing basketball, singing at Glee Club and in our new recreation room at New Tower.

On March 20th, we were officially accepted as a class. Our capping exercises were held in the auditorium of our home. We will always remember that night and it will serve us as an inspiration for the rest of our training. We have much hard work ahead of us, we know, and we are sure that with the example our "big sisters" have given us, we will attain our goal with honors.





GLEE CLUB



STUDENT COUNCIL

Functioning under the honor system, the legislative body of our school is ably headed by Alice Glass, President. Vice-President is Shirley Stevens; Secretary, Ruthann Caul; Treasurer, Eileen House. They and the representatives of each class are advised by Miss Elizabeth Delamater, Mrs. Jeanne Wood, and Mrs. Beatrice Lonsdale. Many activities were carried on by this organization in the past year, and the most important of these was the revising of our student handbook.

GLEE CLUB

Every other Monday night you will find this conscientious group of songbirds gathered about the piano in Old Tower Home. Leading them is Mr. Charles Terry, accompanying them is Mrs. Donald Tongue, at the piano. You will also see Mrs. Clifford Cook, blending her voice with theirs.

Our Glee Club had been asked to appear at many public functions—the Christmas program at Luckey's, Capping exercises, District Nurses' Banquet at the Nelson House, the March of Dimes broadcast over WKIP and of course Graduation exercises.

Always they are received with great enthusiasm and their performances are enjoyed.

Our Thanks . .

Mrs. Isabel H. Christiana

To our Director of Nursing who has planned our course of training that we might be good nurses and worthwhile citizens.



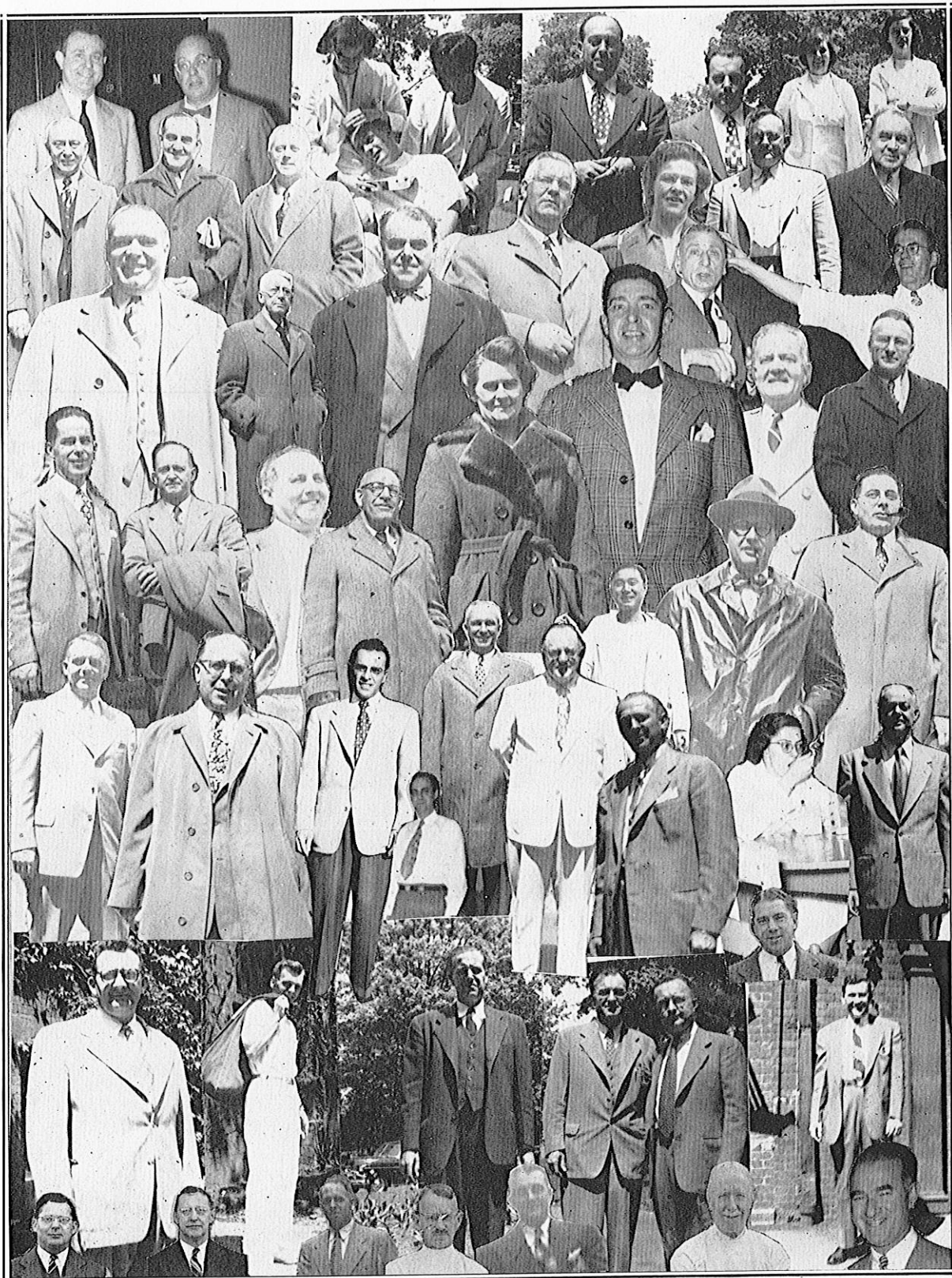
Miss Sara L. Sweet

To one who has led us along the path of knowledge with never-ending patience and has helped us make this book possible. Truly she has proved: "*A thousand books do not equal one good teacher*".

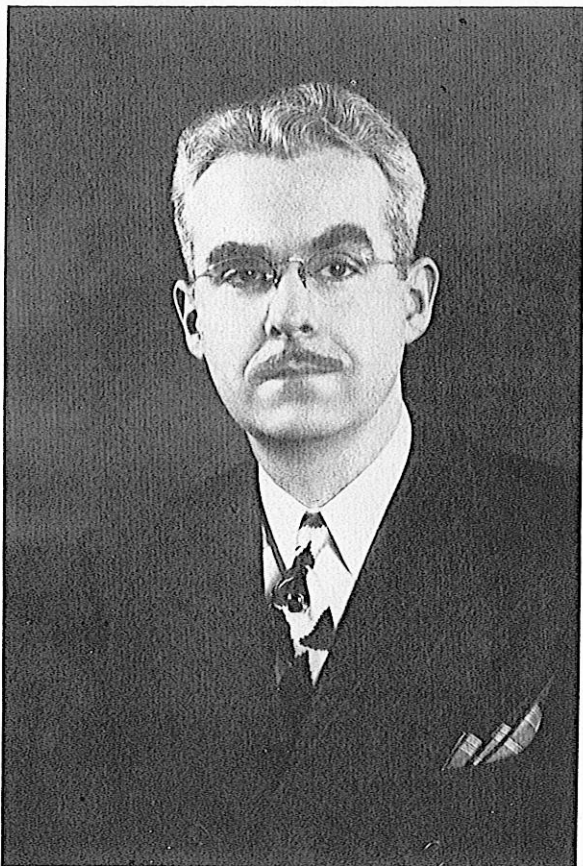
Miss Edith L. Lindberg

To the one who bore with us the trials and tribulations of the first days of our training and has been a willing worker ever since.





In Memoriam



Dr. John J. McGrath

*"When the last dawns are fallen gray
And all life's toil and ease complete
They know who work, not they who play
If rest is sweet."* —ARTHUR SYMONS

George F. Patterson

Pharmacist at Vassar Brothers' Hospital

1940 to 1950



Will We Ever Forget?

- Dr. Shannon's pleasure when North brought a patient for an abdominal op. to the O. R. in a wheelchair?
- The time we were all campused two days before the Spring Formal?
- The night we all slept in Rm. B after the spaghetti party in Rm. D?
- Fatum's *green* dress?
- The water fights that turned into egg shampoos?
- Our first New Year's Eve here?
- The night someone put Atties three girdles out on the fire escape?
- When Losee swallowed the horse-sized gargling pills whole instead of dissolving them in water?
- How we were taken through the underground tunnel for initiation, and the trip to the morgue that followed?
- The days Carrie forgot to lock the linen closet?
- The nights Mrs. Hoffman used to send us all to our "joints"?
- Sharing the last seats, last row of the Alvin Theatre seeing "Mr. Roberts"?
- The time Layman saw "the little man who *was* there"?
- The sleeping party in Home II that was almost discovered by Miss Holland?
- The reason Wagler has that mysterious mark on the wall?
- The trips back and forth to the college?
- Our anxiety over Harvey's and Chillas' driving trip to Delaware in a blizzard?
- That scream from the Tile Room that brought the internes running?
- Whitman forever getting shocks from the doorknob in E.E.N.T. class?
- Cardell using her best sterile technique for the benefit of "Dr." Charlie Terwiliger?
- The three safety pins in a certain pair of long underwear where there should have been six?
- The night of capping that "Aloysius" got a flat tire, then ran out of gas? (No money!)
- Bauer's answer—"True!"—to a multiple choice question?
- How we just *couldn't* sway together to "Side By Side"?
- Cruger's battles with the revolving doors in the 8th Ave. subway station?
- Staatsburg turned upside down the two nights after the minstrel?
- The home life we enjoyed together in Old Tower?





A Look at the Past

Instead of predicting what the future will hold for each of our class members, let us look back on the Seniors as they might have been twenty years ago.

Upon entering the nursery, we find Baby Rogan in a bassinette in front of all the others. She has a rattle, strangely resembling a judge's mallet in her hand, and is waving it about furiously. Immediately on her right is Baby Murray, who is teaching the group a lesson on how to scare nurses by turning cyanotic. In one of the play pens, is Baby Keller, prancing around in her new floral diapers with lavender safety pins. Baby Harvey is giggling at her as she jumps around continuously in her bassinette.

What's that racket over in the corner? It seems Baby Losee has her kiddie-car out (which she has dubbed "Aloysius"). Babies Chillas, Gregory, Layman, Cruger, and Atkinson are all piled on it with her, making the wolf-whistle go, and singing songs at the tops of their newly-found voices. Baby Cardell seems very happy in her crib, for she has just acquired a new bottle of eye drops and some applicators to add to the collection under her pillow. Babies Becker and Lare can be found together in one crib. Baby Becker is very neatly balancing herself on the crib-sides as she tap-dances along. Baby Lare is crying, for the nurse just told her that she won't be able to use her complexion soap in the hospital. Toddler Banach is reaching up from the floor trying to console her.

Baby Bauer, who is trying to finish her 2 o'clock bottle before the next feeding time, is calmly looking on. Baby Scurco is trying to shove a string of spaghetti into her mouth before the nurse sees her. It seems her mother somehow sneaked it to her at feeding time. Right next to her (naturally) is Baby Stec, imitating Caruso with great gusto and exuberance. Baby Locke is very sad over there, for her hair needs washing and no one has bothered to do it since she was born. Baby Whitman, in the lefthand corner, can be seen juggling a penny on her nose and dreaming of the future. Baby Stevens is all a-glow, for Baby Fatum is playing "When It's Clean-up Time In The Nursery" on her ukelele.

Babies Nelson and Power over by the linen closet in their play-pen, are busily debating the advantages and disadvantages of red hair on a baby. Baby Glass, acting as mediator, is calmly sitting cross-legged, munching on a salt-shaker. Baby Fagan, dressed in a Kelly-green shirt, is smiling. She must have eaten too much and has a gas pain.

Sleeping through all these normal activities, of course, is Baby Wagler. There's just one of our babies missing—it must be Baby North—oh, yes, she hasn't been born yet—but never fear—she'll get here!

To 59 boneheads.

from 27 Boners

For you younger class of students
We were called to relate
The study of bones
Their location and make.
So we drilled on anatomy
For a month or two,
And now we'll display
This knowledge to you.

"From your Zygomatic arch
To the Carpus of your knee
You have 20 tuberosities
But only one you'll see
In the backbone of your heart
And the Malleus of your eye.
There are six or seven ribs
Counting two that are floating by.

The inferior turbinate
Is a process on the skull
And the very organism which
May make a fellow dull—
But there's one thing of interest

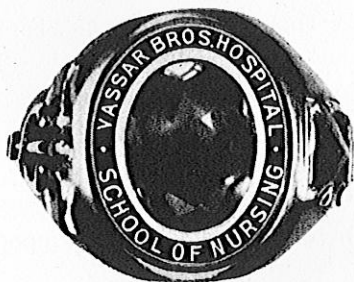
In the mastoid of the hip
You can contract mastoiditis,
Which inflames the lower lip;

And the acetabulum as it
Joins on to the sternum
Helps the motion of the lower limbs
When 'ere you go to turn 'em.
In the glenoid of the femur,
And the radius of the ear
You'll find convolutions present
For the phalanges that are here.

In the vomer of the vertebra
And the malar of the leg
Are found joint articulation
With the scapula of the head.

Now by all these bones locations,
And their many functions too,
We have laid a real foundation
As a future help to you.

Last Will and Testament



We, the class of 1951, of Vassar Brothers Hospital, situated in the City of Poughkeepsie, being of sound mind and memory, do hereby make, publish, and declare this to be our last will and testament.

First, we bequeath to the class of 1952, a one-year lease on our real property, the Red Room, to be maintained and cherished in a manner befitting the gift.

Secondly, we leave Miss Lindberg a dry shoulder to replace the one we've soaked with our tears so often.

- GERT KELLER leaves her taste in clothes to Miss Jean Sommerville.
- EDIE FATUM leaves her "uke" to Dr. Miller . . . let him try his luck on that!
- MARY CRUGER leaves her midnight phone calls and her love affairs (confusin' but amusin') to Miss Eileen House.
- AGGIE STEC leaves her 3-year lease on the Corridor 3 solarium to no-one, . . . she hopes!
- MILLIE WHITMAN leaves a large reserve of chewing gum to Dr. Murphy.
- FRAN LAYMAN leaves her case study worries to no one in particular, because you'll all have them anyway!
- POLLY BANACH leaves her new novel "Care of the Two-year Old Annapolis Student" to Dr. Rosenberg.
- LOIS FAGAN leaves an empty pack of cigarettes for those who forgot theirs?
- ALICE MURRAY leaves her vim and vigor to Miss Ann Finkle.
- JOAN ROGAN leaves her fiery blush to all new O.R. students.
- BETTY BAUER leaves her transparent eyes to the night supervisors.
- BARBARA HARVEY leaves her temper to Miss McCrimmon—otherwise she'd never have one!
- ALICE ATKINSON leaves her ever faithful alarm clock to Miss Jean Abdoo for experimental purposes.
- JEAN BECKER leaves her dancing ability to Mort to use getting oxygen tanks on and off the elevators.
- ANNE CARDELL leaves her osteoma to Dr. Stimson to cope with.
- LU SCURCO leaves a batch of homemade spaghetti and meatballs to each empty cupboard in Old Tower.
- ALICE GLASS leaves her shopping bag, with contents, to Ward 4.

- PHYL LARE leaves her box marked 'junk' to Curly to sort out.
- SEL NORTH leaves her diabetic dog "Runt" to Dr. Ward.
- ETHEL LOCKE leaves a list of her variety of hair styles to all night nurses on Wd. 3 and 4.
- DORIS LOSEE leaves her most cherished book, "A Thousand Ways to Get Fat", to anyone who can eat as much as she can.
- SHIRLEY STEVENS leaves her art talent for all new anatomy classes to use.
- MARY WAGLER leaves her ability to cope with new internes to any student who has an argument with them the first week.
- LOIS POWER leaves a bottle of "henna rinse" to Alice Medick.
- EVIE NELSON leaves her recipe for "glug" to any dietitian who is called upon to make punch.
- BETTY GREGORY leaves her giggle and big smile to Mrs. Christiana.
- TO THE PROBIES: the motto, "*Be not simply good—be good for something*".
- "MA" CHILLAS leaves her Delaware accent to Dr. Ashcroft to try.
- TO DR. SHANNON: We leave a group of "Missies" who never become contaminated.
- AND TO MISS MORSE we leave an honest scale for the nursery, and lots of love.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, we hereunto set our hand and affix our seal, and declare this to be our last Will and Testament, this the fourteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and fifty-one.

Handwritten signatures and names:

Phyllis Lare
Sel North
Ethel Locke
Doris Losee
Shirley Stevens
Mary Wagler
Lois Power
Evie Nelson
Betty Gregory
Mrs. Christiana
The Probies
"Ma" Chillas
Dr. Shannon
Miss Morse

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Lois Power
Evie Nelson
Betty Gregory
Mrs. Christiana
The Probies
"Ma" Chillas
Dr. Shannon
Miss Morse



mb



¶ At this crossroad in your career,
we proudly commend you and
wish to extend our sincere best
wishes for your future success.

Vassar Brothers Hospital
Alumnae Association

What is Optometry?

Optometrists are trained to realize that the eyes are not merely optical instruments, but that they are, in every sense, members of the human body. Knowledge of the eyes and vision cannot remain apart from knowledge of the body. An optometrist is an expert in all matters that concern vision; he must have a knowledge of the psychology of vision, ocular anatomy and physiology, as well as special training in pathology, with particular reference to the eye. Optometrists are trained to detect diseases of the patient for treatment or surgery. Therefore, optometrists are trained in:

1. The refraction of the human eye to determine the degree of hyperopia, myopia and astigmatism.
2. The analysis of the function of the visual mechanism at all distances, especially at the near point, or working distance, and the evaluation of the visual skills which affect visual efficiency and comfort.
3. The use of visual training in the development or re-education of the visual skills, thus increasing visual efficiency and comfort.
4. The use of orthoptic training in the correction of squint (crossed eyes).
5. The use of objective and subjective methods of determining the presence of pathology in the visual mechanism.
6. The adoption of ophthalmic devices, such as conventional lenses, telescope and microscopic systems, and contact lenses to the needs of the individual patient.

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The patient in the waiting room of the doctor's office had passed a weary half-hour. Finally he moved over to another forlorn waiter. "How do you do?" the first one asked.

"So-so," was the pessimistic answer; "I'm achin' from neuritis."

"Glad to meet you," rejoined the first, extending a hand; "I'm Mendelbaum from Chicago."

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All I saw was the interne's back.

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Miss Secor: Where did you learn that?

Fatum: Well you said yesterday that the formula for water was H to O.

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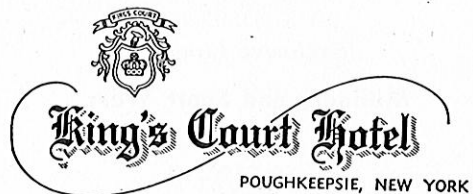
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